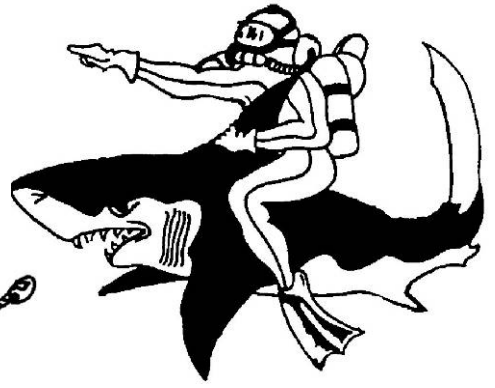


# Buddy Line



Newsletter of Fraternal Order of Underwater Swim School, Key West, Florida

November 2004

## President's Corner by Don Stone

Our organization, and the diving/special warfare community, has been hit again by the loss of another member. Barely three months after Jim Hazelwood's death, Frank Kappesser was laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetery September 1<sup>st</sup>. He is survived by his wife, Dee, and sons, Mitch and Randy.

Randy told us that one of the last things his dad read was the August Buddy Line, and how much they enjoyed the pictures and stories of UWSS. He also said the family would like to continue receiving the Buddy Line and I assured them they would.

Frank was a terrific leader and positive example for his students and fellow instructors at UWSS as well as in Spec War commands in which he served. I felt like I'd lost one of my own family when I got the news.

Some responses to our e-mail notice were: From Gaylord White, "Frank taught me more than diving."

Bob Barth said "Of all the schools I had to go to and suffer through, I remember UWSS the fondest, and of all the men I met there, Kappy was the one who's sense of professionalism and humor I remember the most. The Spec War community, this country, has lost one hell of a fine man."

Charles Aquadro wrote "He was a great UWSS instructor and outstanding person. He will be missed. I'm grateful that he was my class instructor of May-June 1957. Many fond memories. Sympathies to his family."

And from Bob Bornman, who attended Frank's funeral, "Friends and shipmates will long treasure their associations with this wonderful diving adventurer, leader, instructor, companion and friend."

Doc Rio has requested that photos of his much missed friend, Jim Hazelwood, be published in the Buddy Line. We have included a page of photos of Jim and Frank.

They both contributed greatly to the success of UWSS's mission and to Spec War commands in which they served. Though gone, they have left a legacy in the hearts of their friends, teammates, and families.



## The Big Buddy Line

UWSS trainees, Charles Richardson and John Pinkiewicz, are shown carrying the Big Buddy Line in this photo sent by Merlin Simonson..

The Big Buddy Line was awarded to swim/dive pairs that got separated during a swim or dive. Of course, the swim pair that had to carry around that big hawser endured unmerciful kidding and derision from their classmates and instructors.

The Buddy System was a safety procedure that was stressed during training and this was a good way to reinforce this rule of swim/dive safety for both the unfortunate carriers of the big cumbersome line as well as the other students.



Happy Holidays

## UWSS LOGO ITEMS



The following logo items are available, so send in your orders and they will be shipped pronto. Prices include shipping. Availability is subject to change. We can obtain other items if there are enough requests.

White Beefy-T shirts..... 13.00 ea, 2 for 23.00  
 Logo front and back (pocket or no pocket – your choice)  
 Sizes S, M, L, XL, XXL  
 Childs 6/8, 10/12 (no pocket)

Ash gray Beefy-T shirts..... 14.00 ea, 2 for 25.00  
 Large logo on back, small logo on pocket  
 Sizes S, M, L, XL, XXL  
 Childs 14/16 (no pocket)

White Polo shirt ..... 18.00 ea, 2 for 33.00  
 Small logo on pocket, 50/50 cotton/poly  
 Sizes M, L, XL, XXL

Ash Polo shirt ..... 19.00 ea, 2 for 35.00  
 Small logo on pocket, 50/50 cotton/poly  
 Sizes M, L, XL, XXL

Coffee mug with logo ..... 12.00 ea  
 Cap – natural with logo 12.00 ea  
 8.00 ea if ordered with shirt

UWSS logo decal  
 Transparent background 2.00 ea  
 White background 2.00 ea

**NEW** UWSS logo lapel/tie pin 4.00 ea

UWSS plaques  
 Original design, made by Hank Holder 45.00 ea  
 Bright brass logo on blue 45.00 ea  
 Subdued brass logo on blue 25.00 ea  
 Plaque price reduced \$5.00 if ordered with shirt.

Send payment with order to Don Stone,  
 1440 SW 5<sup>th</sup> Ave  
 Boca Raton, FL 33432

## Secretary/Treasurer's Report

Membership November 2004	
143 regular members	
118 associate members	
Account Balance August 2004	4240.16
Dues	+ 710.00
Logo item sales	+ 85.00
Buddy Line printing & postage	-135.78
Account Balance November 2004	4899.38

## FO/UWSS Mission

The Fraternal Order of Underwater Swimmers School was formed in order to keep lines of communication open between personnel of the armed forces who were staff or students at the Navy Underwater Swimmers School Key West, Florida. Associate membership is open to family, friends, and others who share an interest in the goals and activities of FO/UWSS. Associate members do not have voting privileges, but are encouraged to participate in all other activities..

One of the most important reasons for our existence as an organized group is to plan for and participate in biannual reunions, which will be held at various locations to be selected by members' votes.

## **FO/UWSS Officers**

President ..... Don Stone  
 Vice President..... A. Dee Clark  
 Secretary/Treasurer ..... Roger Lynch

The Buddy Line newsletter is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. Buddy Line editors are Don and Art Stone.

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**WEBSITE:** [www.uwss.org](http://www.uwss.org)

## **Buddy Line by e-mail**

If you use e-mail you may prefer receiving the e-mail version of the Buddy Line newsletter. It is delivered to your inbox as a .pdf file for Adobe Acrobat Reader.

The benefits to you are faster delivery and **color** photos (when originals are color).

The benefits to the FO/UWSS are the savings on printing and postage for the Buddy Line mailout.

To receive the Buddy Line by e-mail, send your request to [buddyline@uwss.org](mailto:buddyline@uwss.org).





In  
Memory  
  
Frank  
Kappesser  
  
Jim  
Hazelwood







First UDT Class  
July 1962  
Class photo from  
Gordy Ablitt

Class Proctor is  
Martial Lemay

Class of May 1960  
photo from  
Hank Holder  
2<sup>nd</sup> from left, front row.



Class Proctor is  
Jake Jacoby



Class of October 1964

Class photo from  
Jim Stewart  
2<sup>nd</sup> from left middle row

## MacKenzie's Diary

*Robert B. MacKenzie, a 1957 UWSS graduate retired after 30 years service in the Marine Corps, shared the diary he kept of his days as a UWSS student. Here are more excerpts from his diary.*

**27 May:** It was a good thing there were no calisthenics this morning. After that fabulous weekend, I'm not sure we could've done much.

We learned how to clear the breathing tubes of water - either by rolling on our left sides and exhaling rapidly or by doing a slow roll to the left and exhaling normally. My regulator is not the best in the world, so I had to roll and sputter a good bit during the morning.

Harassment of each other was wonderful - sneaking up on another man under water and pulling out his tubes and ripping off his face mask. I got caught from above once in a beauty. Bill Rice pulled off both in one fell swoop and I was nearly forced to come to the surface in my attempts to recover my gear. After that initial indoctrination, however, I was instrumental in nearly drowning half the rest of the troops. Al and I made a good team; he would attract their attention and I would come around from the rear for the coup. Bostain got it worst. We waited for him twice in a row. He finally had to surface to get back into harness, but was not able to return to the bottom fast enough to avoid the verbal blistering he got from the instructors.

In that water we had to swim around the pool under water without our face masks - awful stuff on the eyes for most of the troops. Al held onto my belt; I put my hand on the side of the pool, and we swam around without either of us having to open our pretty blues to the sting of that lovely water.

We finally made our 36' ascents in the afternoon. It took about two hours to go to and return from the diving barge, the rest of the afternoon being taken up with the diving itself. It was a wonderful feeling to rise with such rapidity from that depth. All of us are awaiting eagerly the 100 ft. dive which is coming up in three weeks.

**28 May:** The vacation is over - calisthenics and gallons of sweat. This time we were thrown into the enlisted pool for laps, laps, and more laps along the bottom. We had ditching and donning - didn't go too well, for there was more water in my regulator than ever. Al found a hole in his hose and had to return to the House for a new one.

The morning was neatly (and nearly) broken up by "Hello Darlin's" - I was able to keep up for the first time. I was yelling out "Hello" and Dutch was coming back with the rejoinder. Haven't we got spirit though? Haven't we?

After an afternoon class on demolitions, we took off for our 750 yard Aqua lung swim. The water in my regulator finally caused trouble. I pressed the panic button twice in 200 yards when:

1. I tried to take a breath and got a mouthful of salt water.
2. Exhaled rapidly on my left side with little air I had left, took another "breath" and got another mouthful of water.
3. Rose to the surface to get fresh air.
4. Returned to the bottom and tried to clear again - another mouthful.

5. Those bells and chimes that we hear on the bottom seemed to be playing my funeral dirge. All I could do was return to the top and try again. This time it worked, though I had to swim on my side for the rest of the swim.

I thought we'd never get there. Then, lo and behold, below us a pipeline. Didn't we hand-over-hand all the way in? Didn't we? 17 minutes, 400 lbs. of air - 2d on the beach and 2d in air consumption. After all the panting and screaming I was doing in the water, this really surprised me.

There was a ping pong tournament going on at the USO at night. Bostain talked McGoo and me into entering it and then proceeded to go to the finals himself.

Again, buckets of perspiration, for the USO was hot. All the running and jumping we did started the water coming out of both McGoo and me like faucets

**29 May:** Bright and late we left for Demolitions Island, and spent the whole day listening, eating, drinking our one can of beer and blowing explosives: 1/2 lb. blocks of TNT, bangalore torpedoes, 20 and 30 lb. shape charges, satchel charges, chain charges and the rubber hose - delay fuses, electric firing - the works.

It was a very nice break in the routine and, despite the occasional showers, all enjoyed the day.

Night time was a different matter entirely - a 750 yard Scott swim. My bottles slipped off the back plate (unbeknownst to me); Al's straps came loose; there was a strong current around the rocks; 30 minutes and 1350 lbs. of air.

Panic button again - trying to fight that current; fighting to get into the beach first and being afraid we wouldn't; fighting to keep up with Al; fighting the loose bottles; fighting to suck air out the fool Scott; fighting to keep from using up too much air - all combined in forcing me to the surface, ripping the face mask off and gulping large quantities of air. For half a cent I would have checked out of the class right then and there. Fortunately, Al; was functioning in good shape, despite the fact that he had been holding his own rig on, my rig on, and had been clearing kelp from the line.

We finally made it in. Bill Fischer came down from his group to help me with my bottles, took them off and stowed them in the truck for me. It was a pleasure to be helped with the trivial details, for I just plain couldn't think clearly. The ordeal, largely imagined, through which we had just come was too much.

Al and I rode back with the truck for the first time - a trip generally reserved for Kennedy and Seiderman, the perpetual last-runners. We unloaded all the bottles with the help of Nuttal and Paratta, washed them and checked in. It was the eventual end of what to me was an evening of horror.

As I write this, I am listening to Burke telling sea stories - Charleston MB, Jump School, Divvy Recon. Nothing, not even inattention, keeps those stories silently hidden away in the doubtfully-existent recesses of his mind.

(Note: Looking back on it, Burke may just have looked in on me to keep me company, knowing how badly I felt after the events of the day. I don't recall that he was one of the most sympathetic people in the world, but I do remember that he was a very, very good troop leader. And there was an incident later on, which I hope this monograph covers, which showed how far he would go to protect us from the Navy.)

**Membership Application****Fraternal Order of Underwater Swimmers School**

Full Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Wife's Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Branch of Service: \_\_\_\_\_

Dates &amp; Class # at UWSS: \_\_\_\_\_

Send copy of class picture if you have one.      2 Year Membership \$25.00

Make check to Roger Lynch, Treasurer and mail to 422 Sarahwoods Drive, Red Lion, PA 17356

**The Way it Wasn't -- Sorta**

In the August issue we described the subs in this photo as a WW II fleet type sub, and behind it, a much more modern boat.

We have been corrected by Paul Payne who wrote: "Just wanted to point out that the photo caption is incorrect. Sort'a.... BOTH submarines are WWII fleet boats. The one outboard has had the later fiberglass sail installed over the prior conning tower. This was supposed to have been done for more streamlined aero' dynamics while cruising underwater.

It did result in a few practice torpedoes being 'stuck' thru it. That happened to the sub I was assigned to when I went thru UWSS, (the USS Cutlass SS-478)! They could not dislodge the torpedo at sea so they typically dtaped a tarp over it when they came back in. Rather, embarrassing."

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